Dumm Comics
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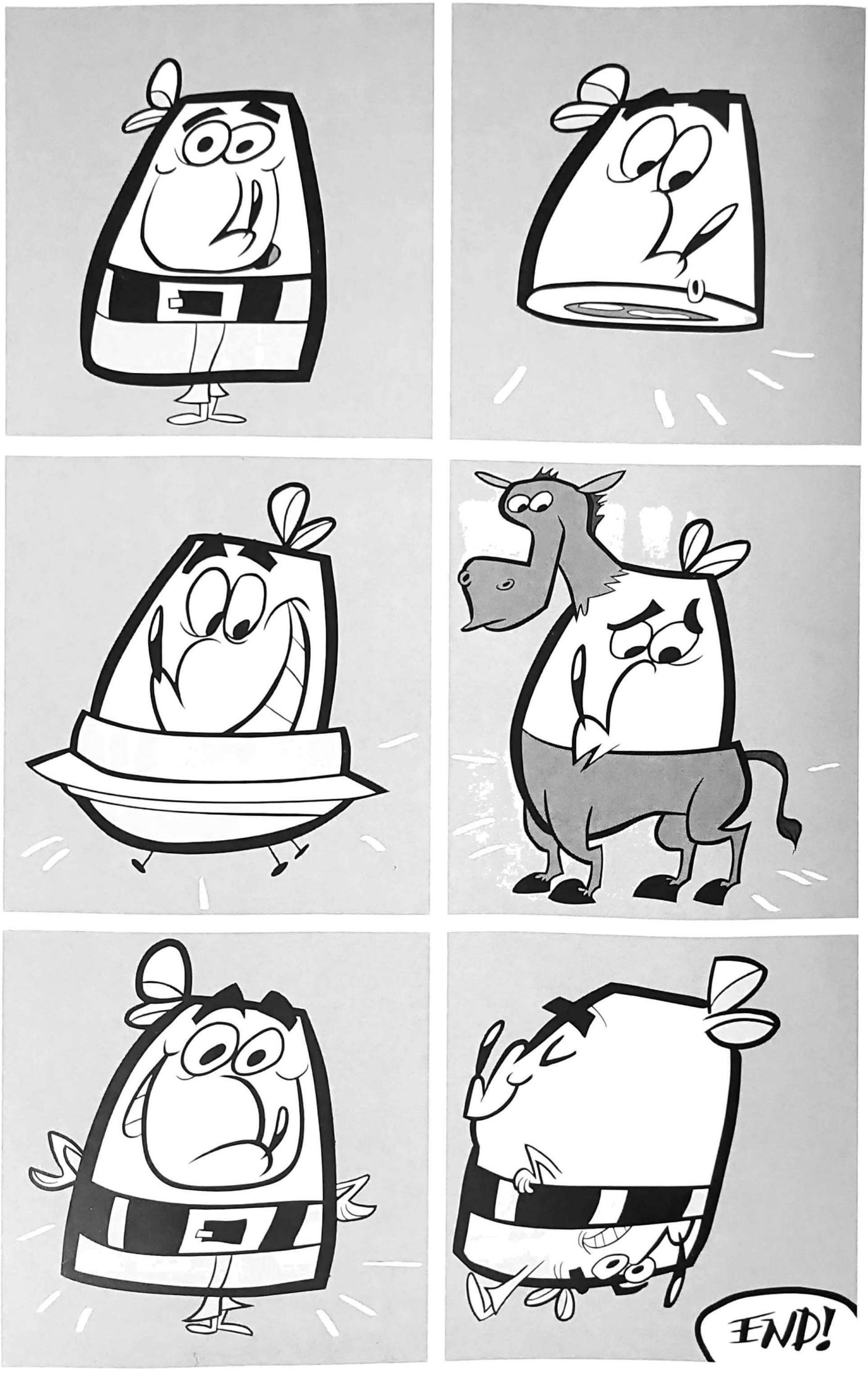
THE PACK RAT WITH ENCHANTED LOIN COVERINGS

# Big Pants Mouse™

created by Gabe Swarr


END!

The Royal Blunder
A Big Pants Mouse Adventure by Gabe Swarr
I THE KING, HAVE A NEW DECREE FOR THIS LAND!
THE PEASANT BIG PANTS MOUSE SHALL BE THE NEWEST ROYAL PIE MAKER!
THE PEASANT BIG PANTS MOUSE SHALL BE THE NEWEST ROYAL PIE MAKER!
Oh Boy!

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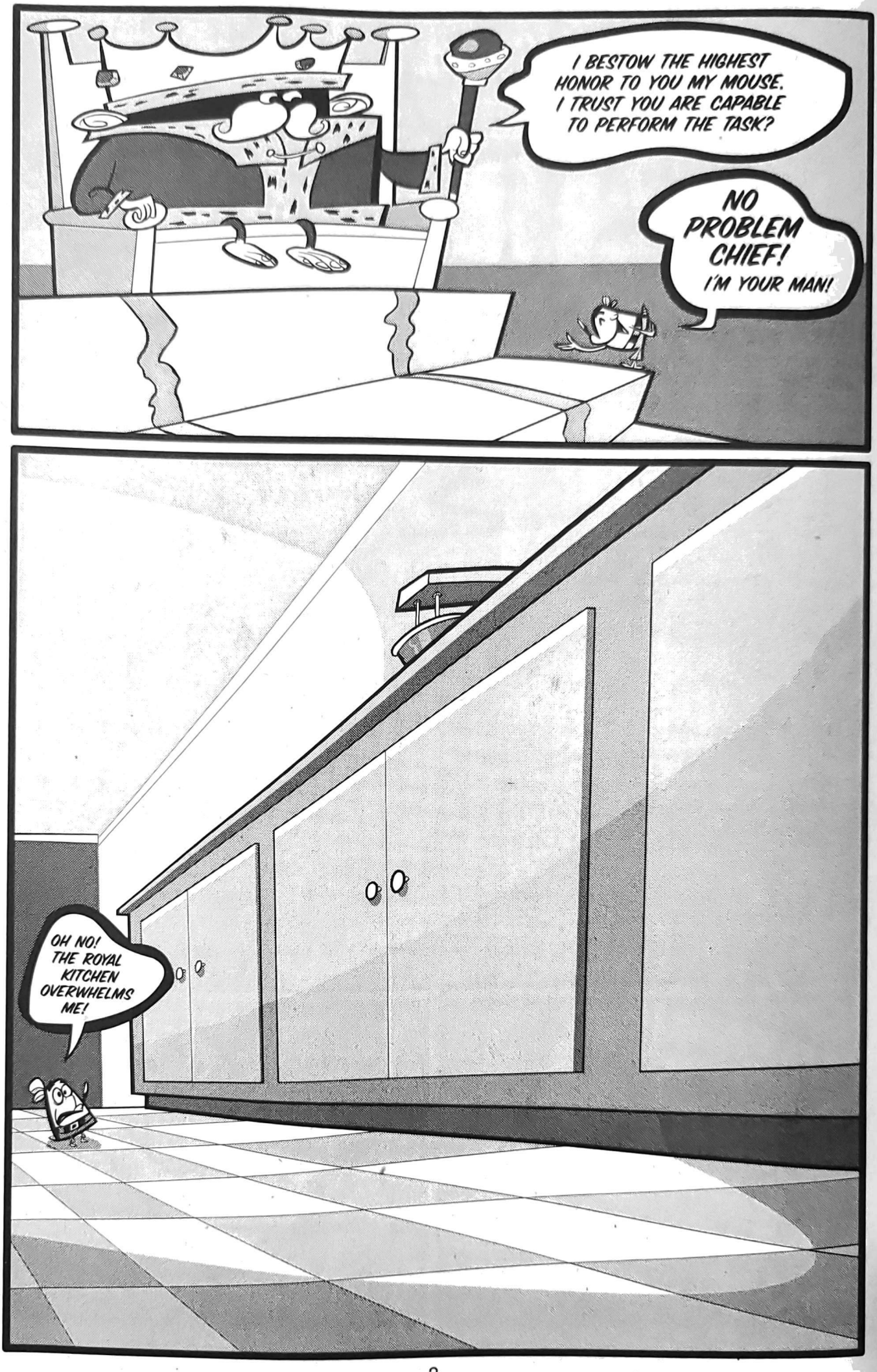
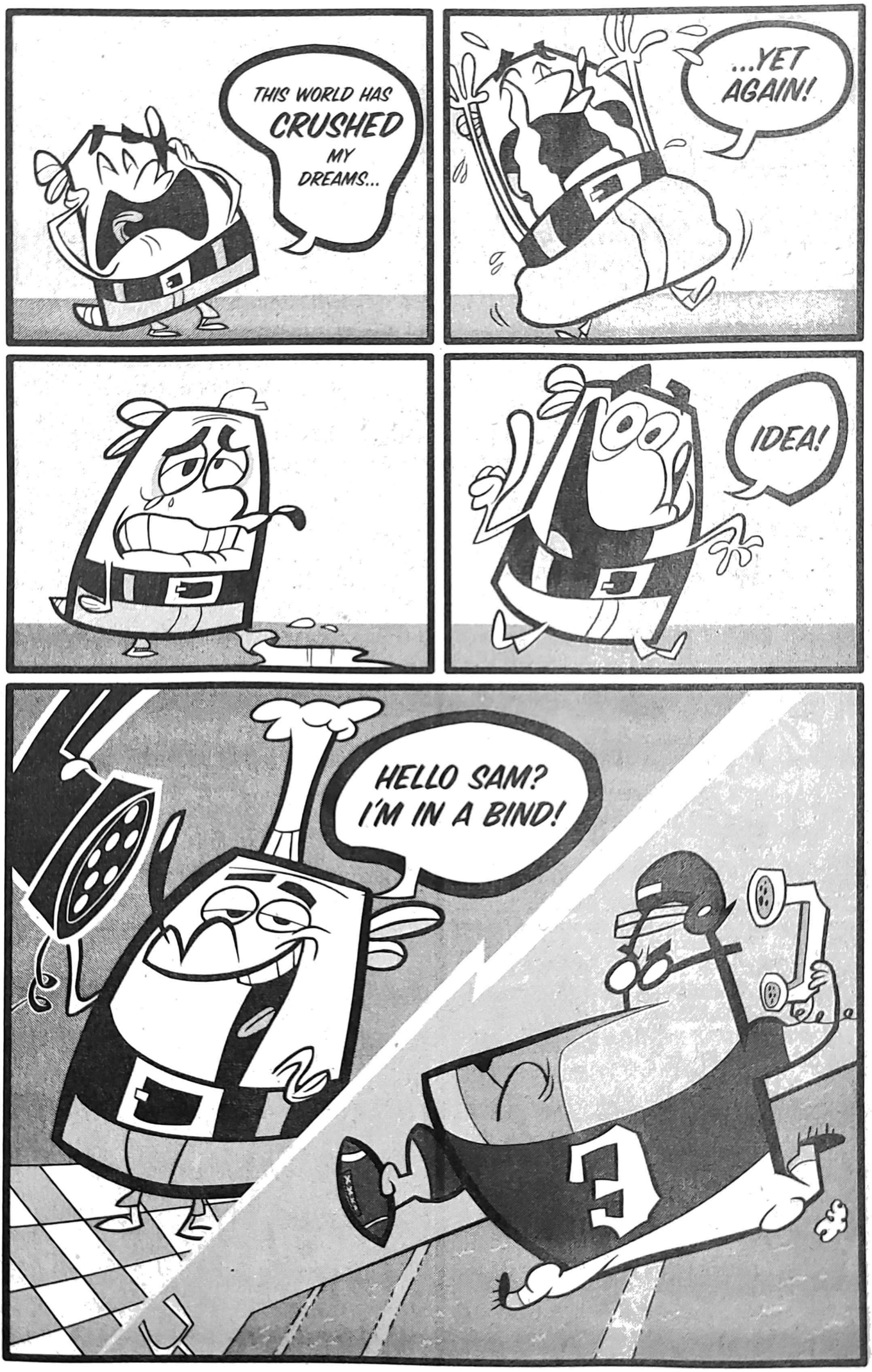
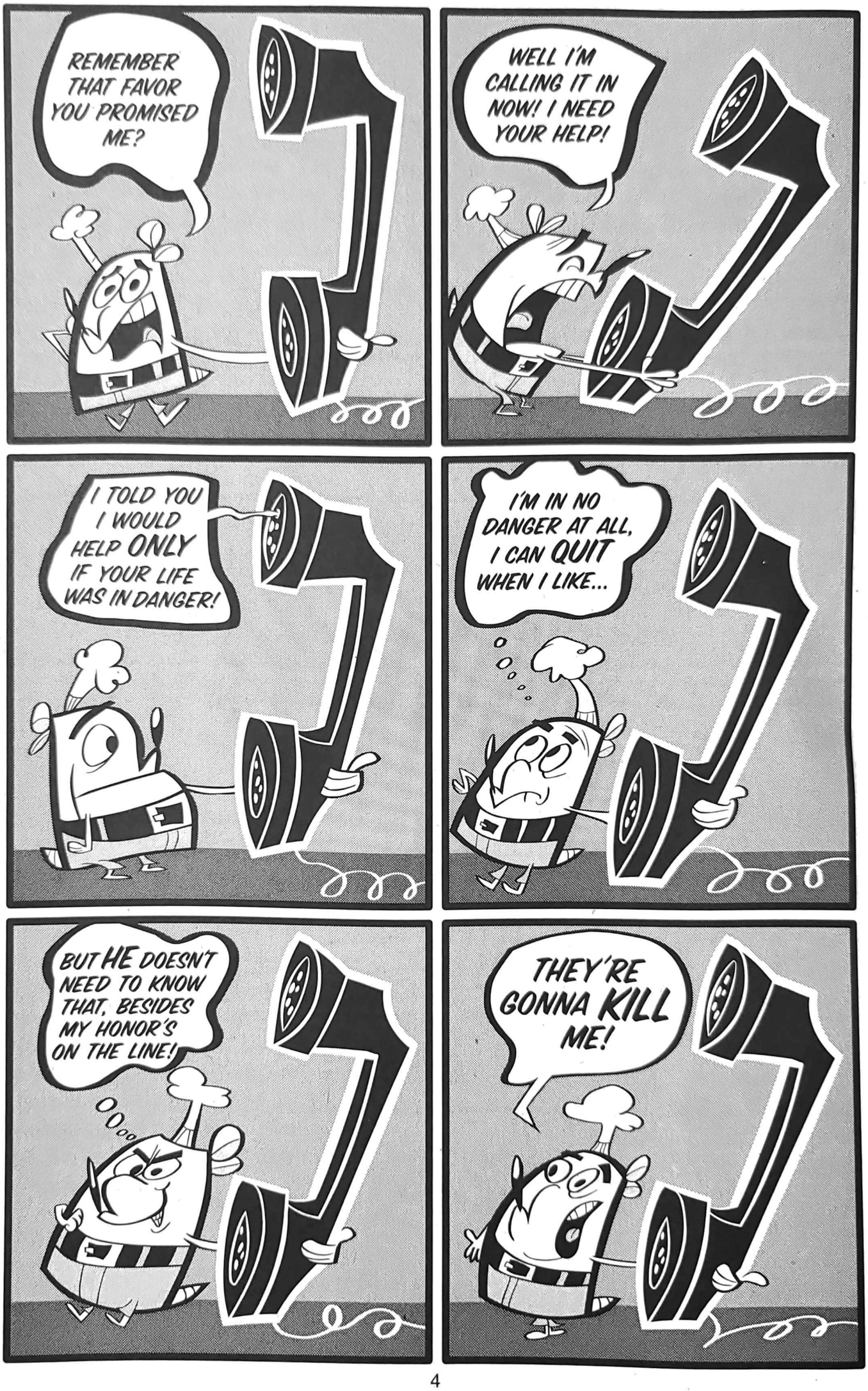
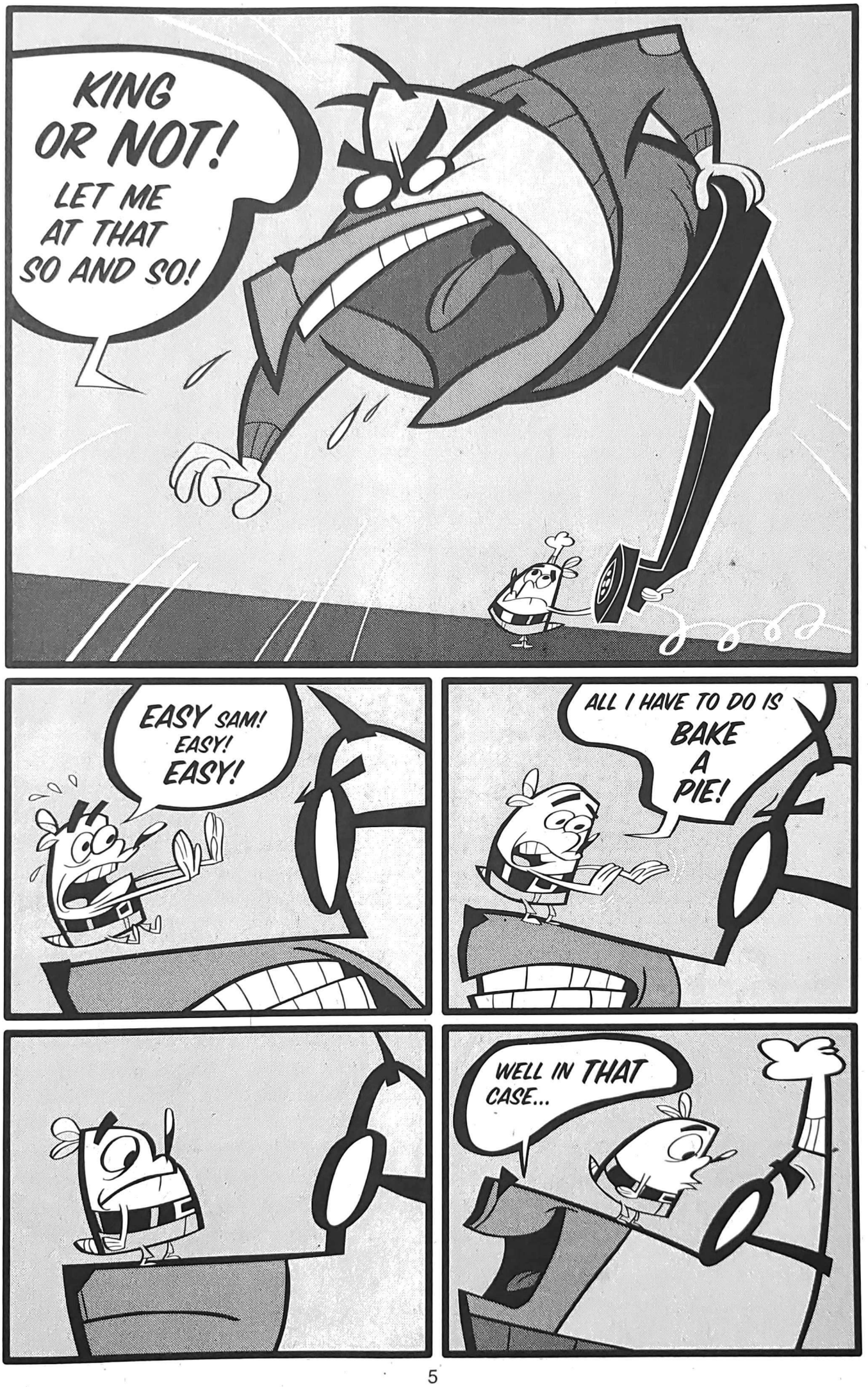
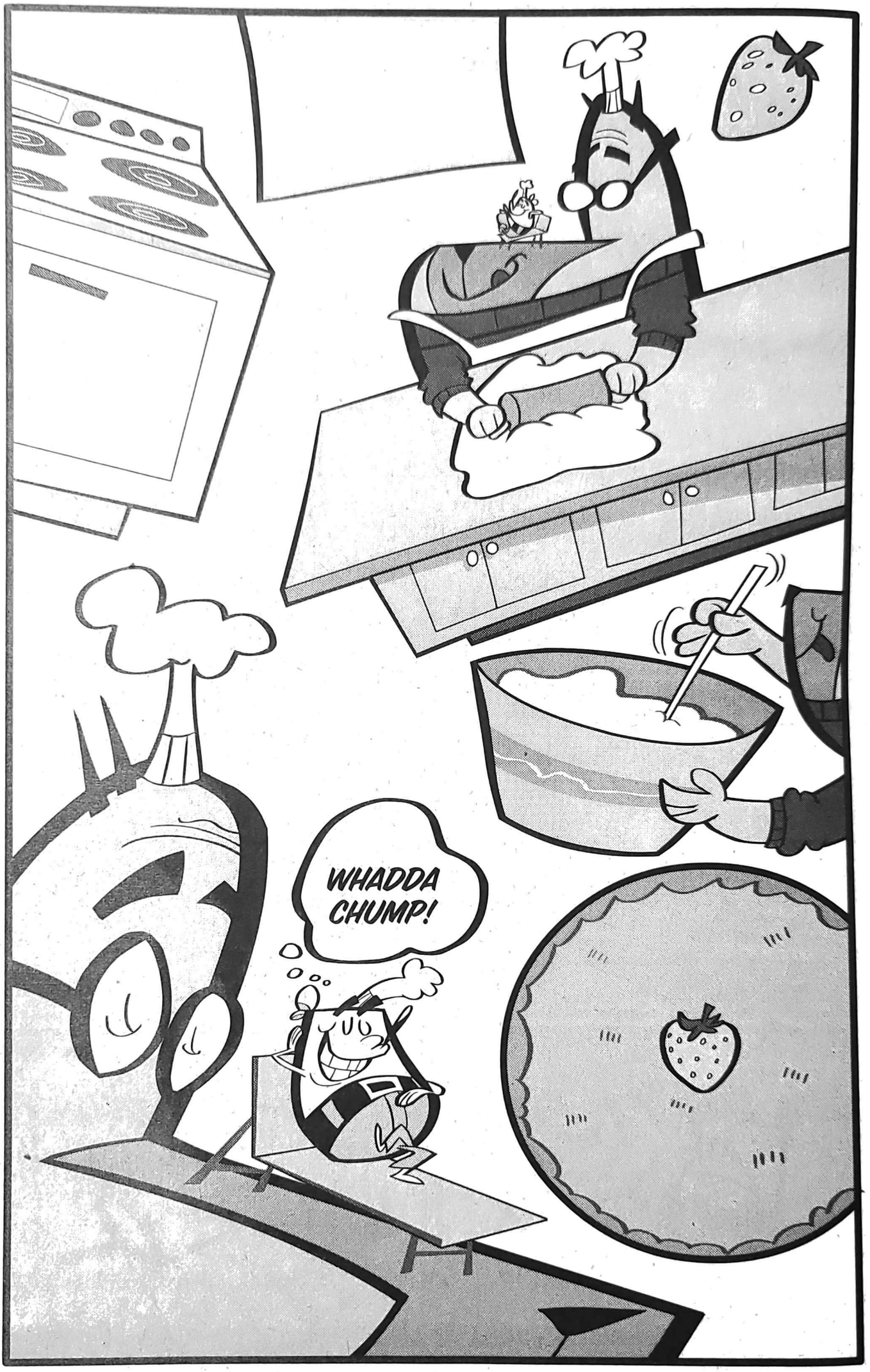
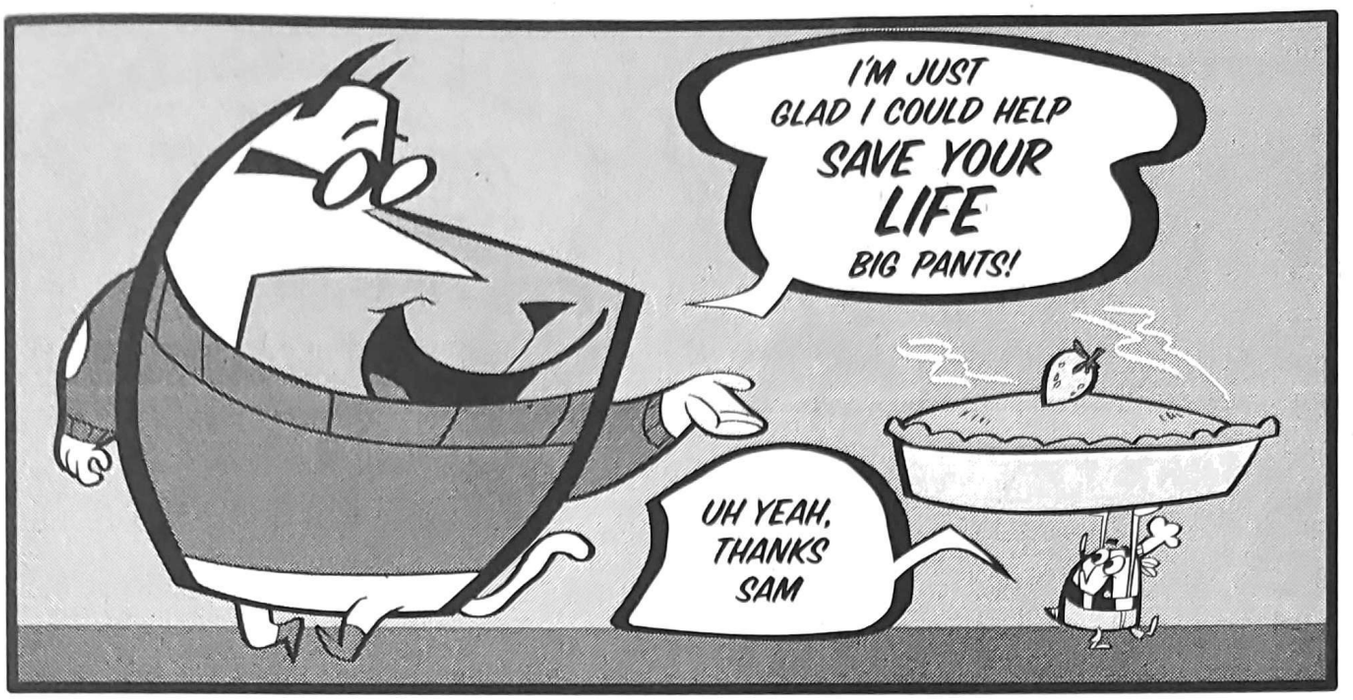

I BESTOW THE HIGHEST HONOR TO YOU MY MOUSE. I TRUST YOU ARE CAPABLE TO PERFORM THE TASK?
NO PROBLEM CHIEF! I'M YOUR MAN!
OH NO! THE ROYAL KITCHEN OVERWHELMS ME!


THIS WORLD HAS CRUSHED MY DREAMS...
...YET AGAIN!
IDEA!
HELLO SAM? I'M IN A BIND!


REMEMBER THAT FAVOR YOU PROMISED ME?
WELL I'M CALLING IT IN NOW! I NEED YOUR HELP!
I TOLD YOU I WOULD HELP ONLY IF YOUR LIFE WAS IN DANGER!
I'M IN NO DANGER AT ALL, I CAN QUIT WHEN I LIKE...
BUT HE DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW THAT, BESIDES MY HONOR'S ON THE LINE!
THEY'RE GONNA KILL ME!


KING OR NOT!
LET ME AT THAT SO AND SO!
EASY SAM! EASY! EASY!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS BAKE A PIE!
WELL IN THAT CASE...


WHADDA CHUMP!


I'M JUST GLAD I COULD HELP SAVE YOUR LIFE BIG PANTS!
UH YEAH, THANKS SAM

I WONDER IF THIS PIE IS ANY GOOD...

IT SURE WOULD BE IRONIC IF IT'S DECLARED THE GREATEST PIE IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF PIE MAKING!

I DECLARE THIS
THE GREATEST PIE IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF PIE MAKING!
YOU MUST NOW MAKE PIES FOR THE WHOLE KINGDOM MASTER PIESMITH!
I WON'T LET YOU DOWN CAPTAIN!

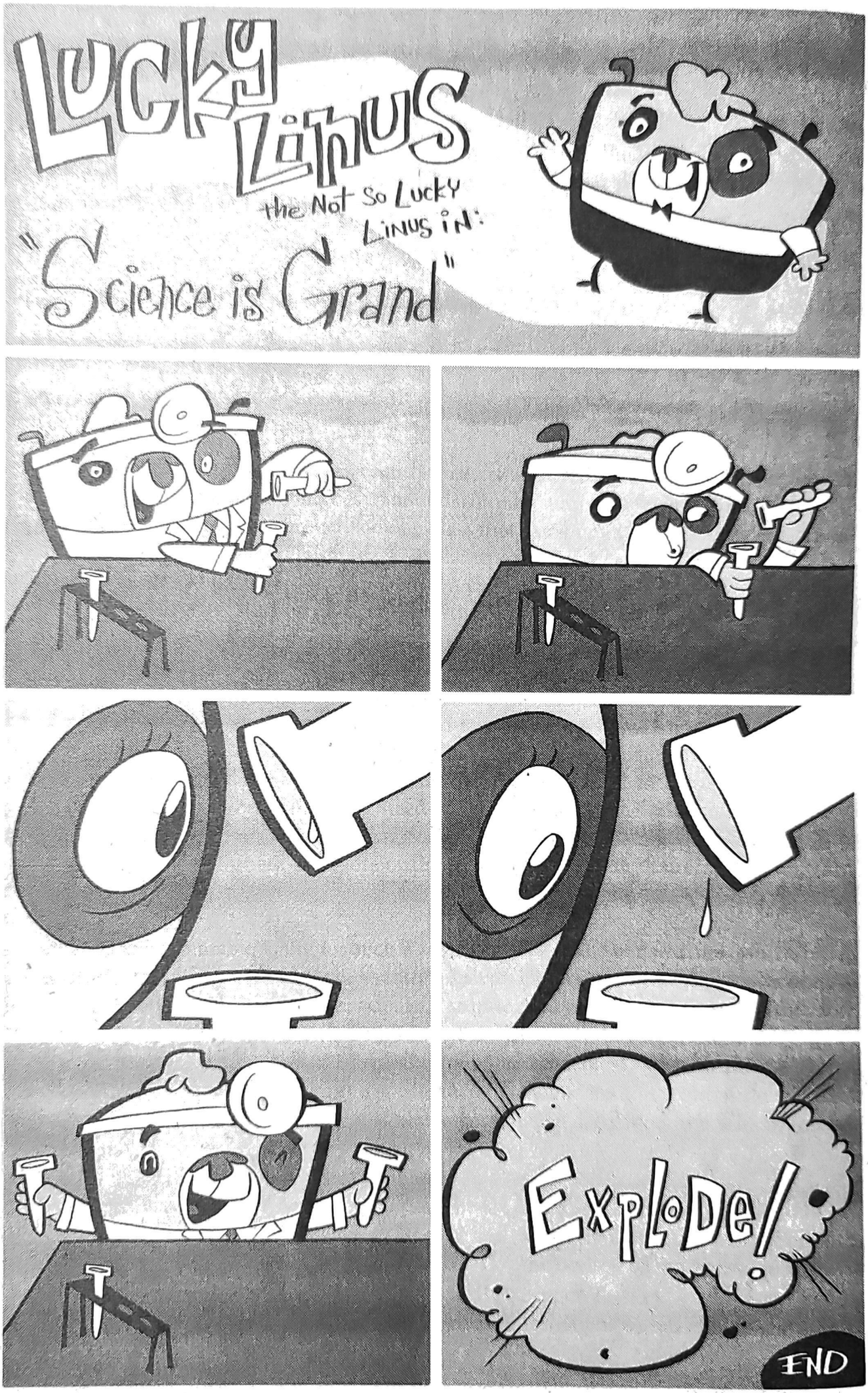
SO YEAH, THEY'RE GONNA KILL ME...
NO HELP FOR YOU YELLOW BELLY! YOU CAN QUIT WHENEVER YOU LIKE, LIAR!
AHHHHHH!

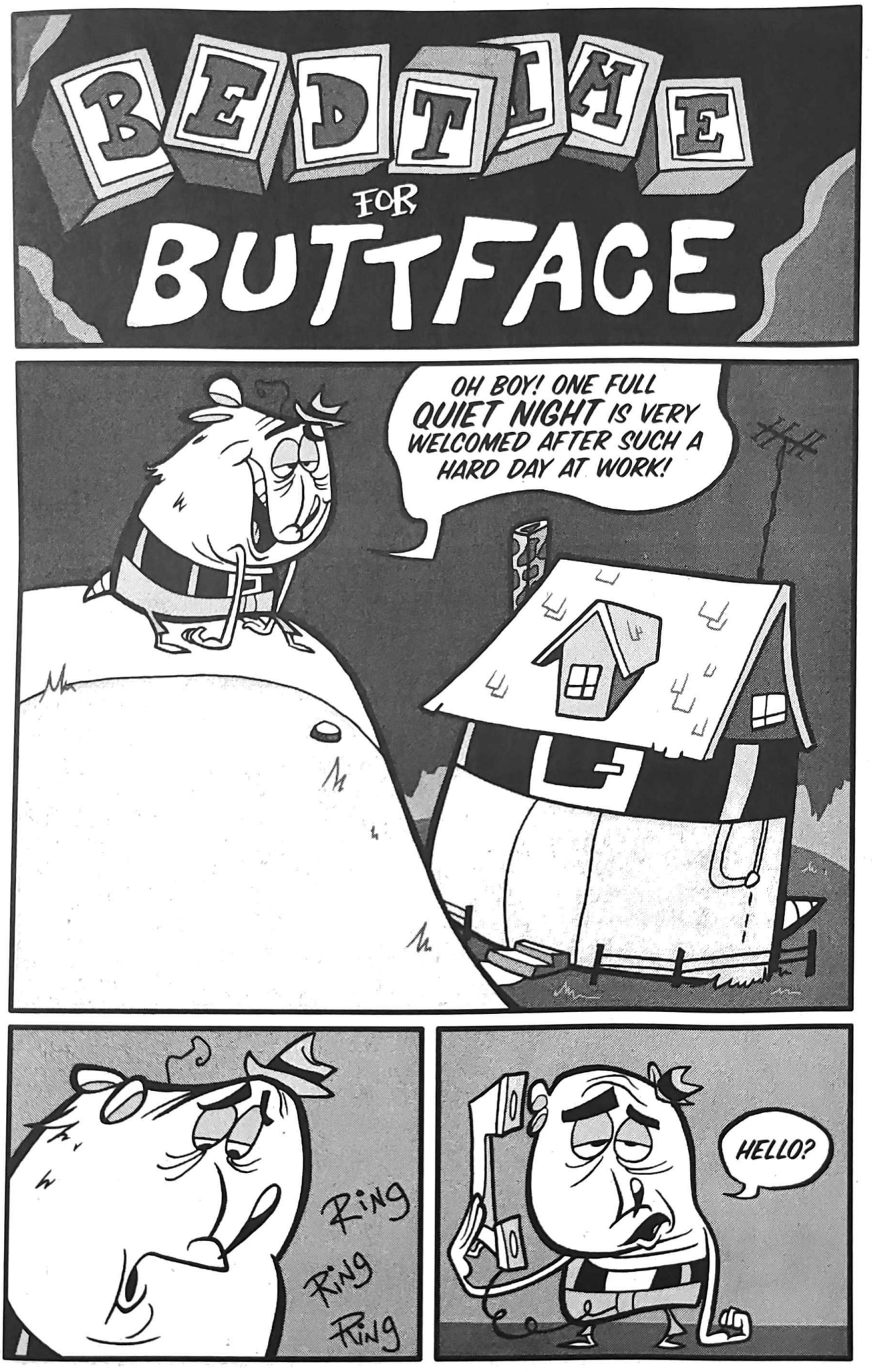
THEY'LL KILL ME FOR SURE FOR LYING TO THE KING!
OH YEAH, MAGIC PANTS!
DENIM PIE

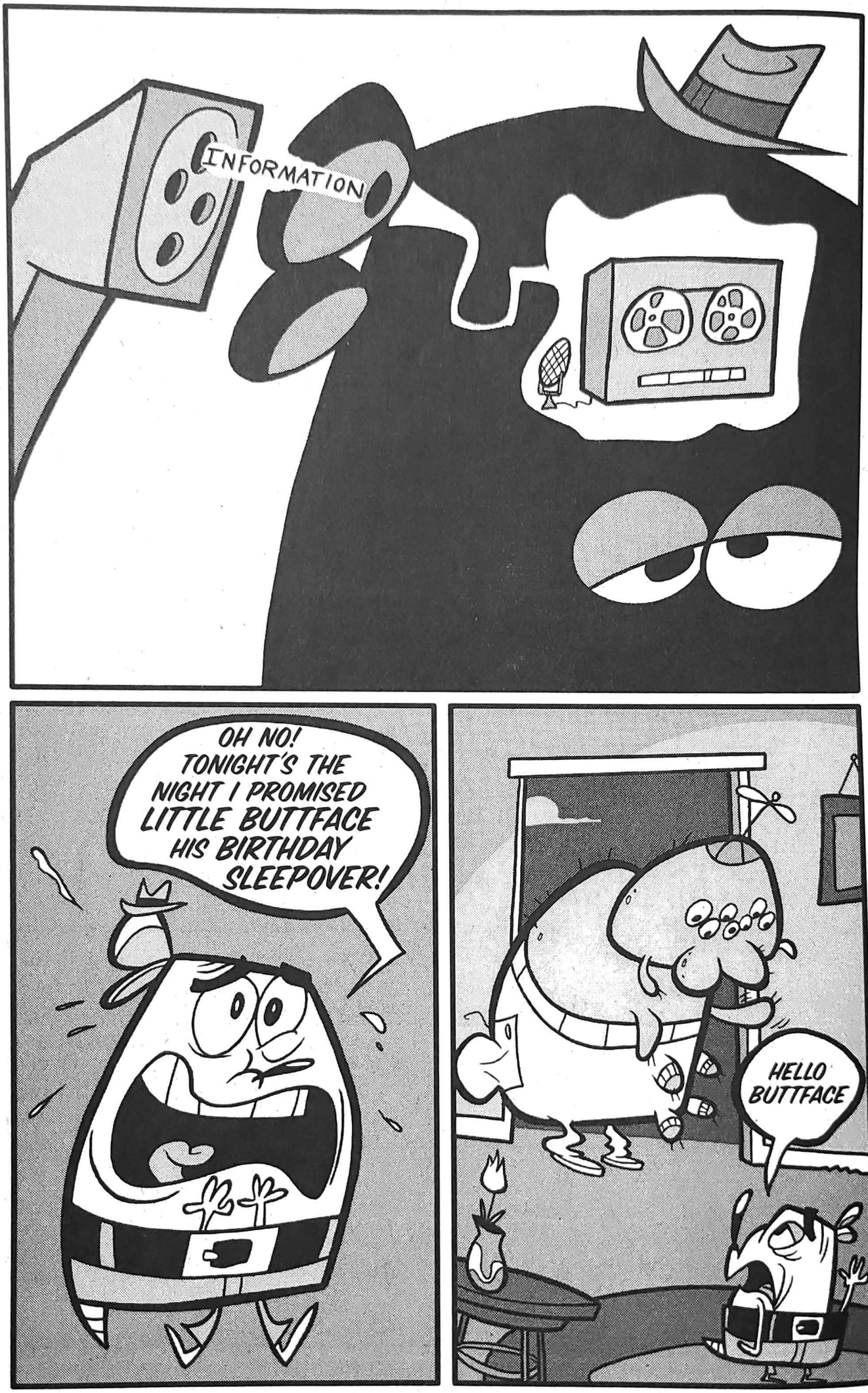
I'M CUTTING OUT!
I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD!
impede!
THE KING WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU!

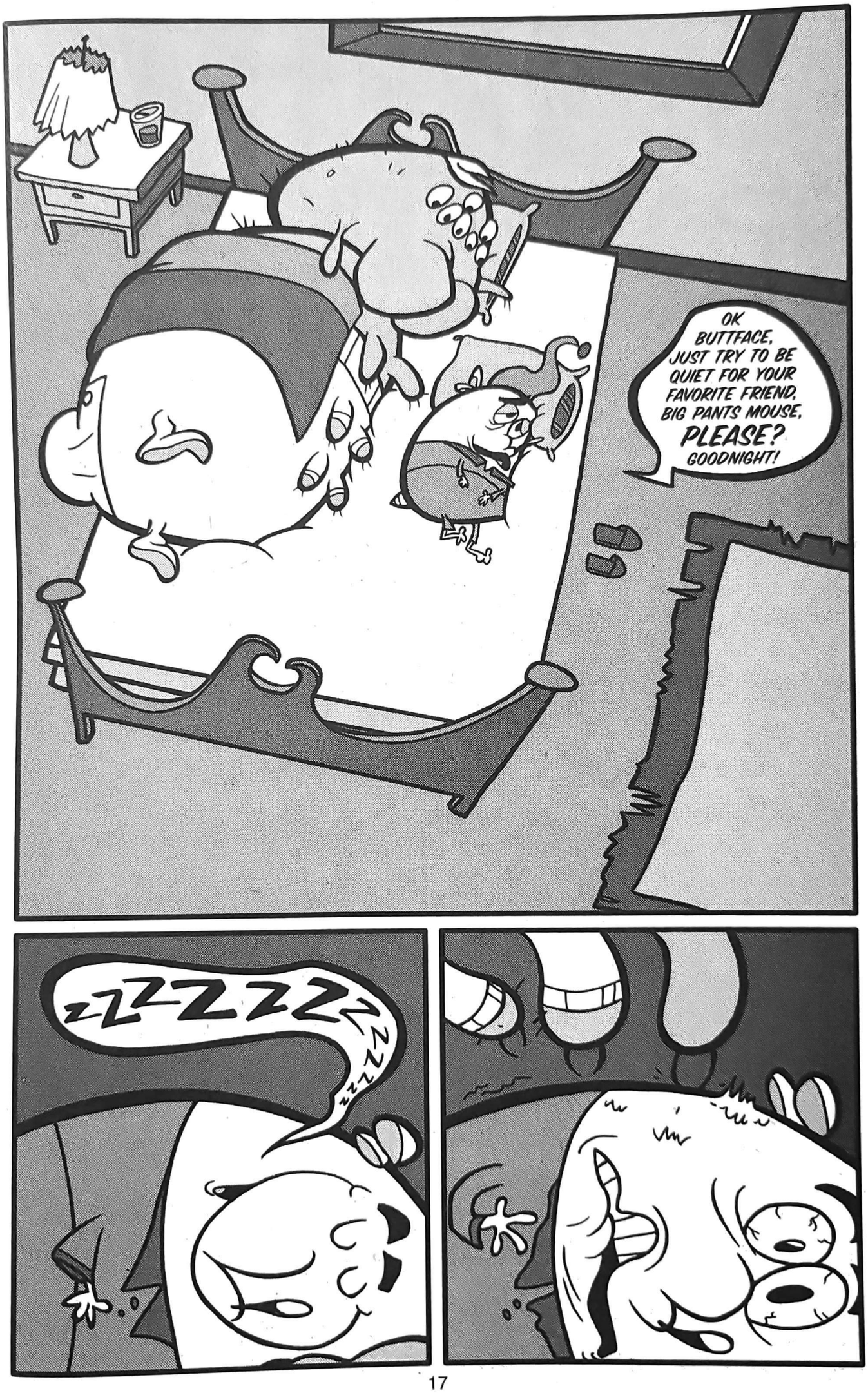
LATER...
AND THAT'S THE WHOLE TRUTH SIRE
IF ALL THAT YOU SAID IS TRUE...
THEN I HAVE A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU TWO

DARN
THIS IS SOME
GOOD PIE!
the End

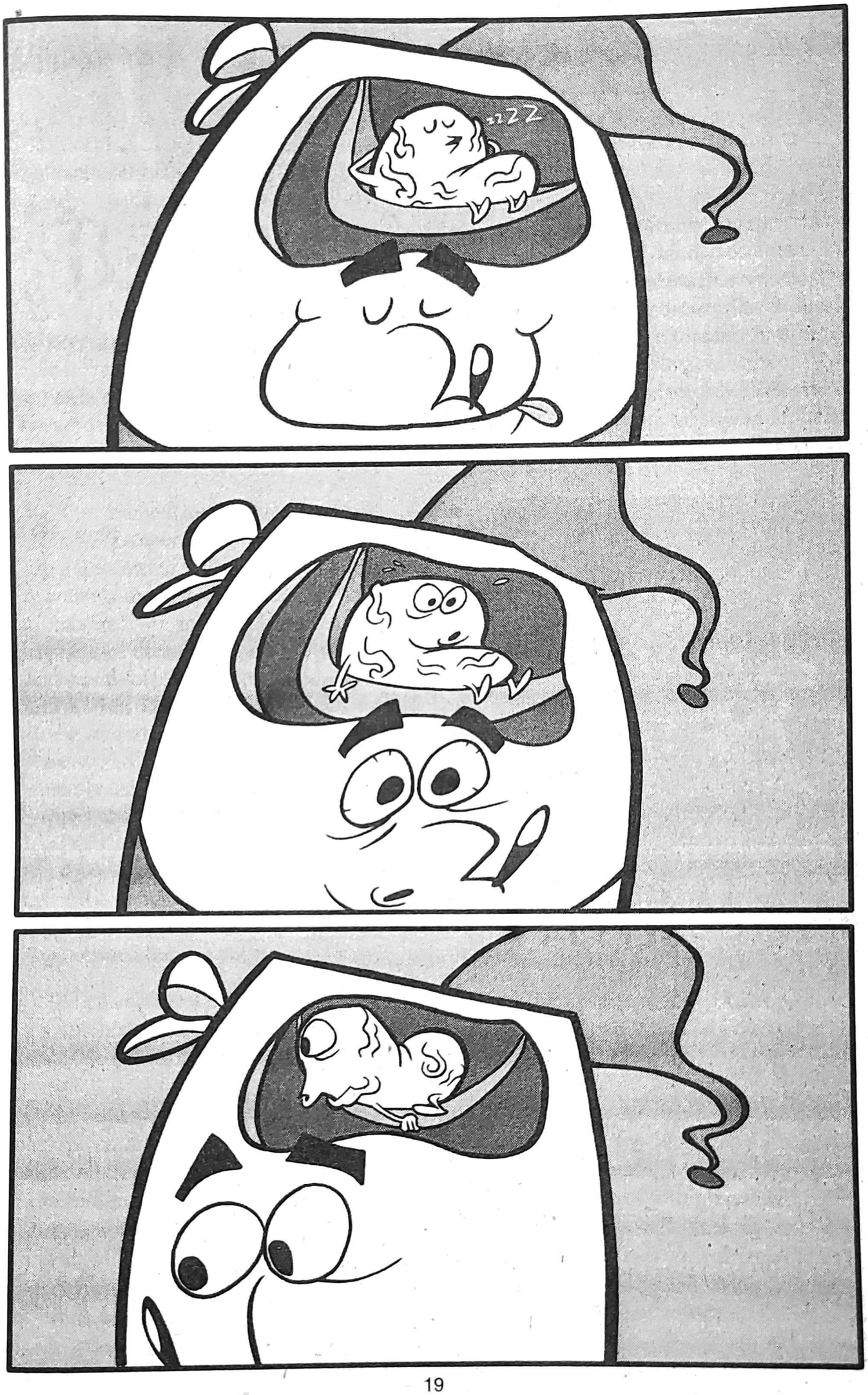

Lucky Linus
the Not So Lucky Linus in:
"Science is Grand"
EXPLODE!
END

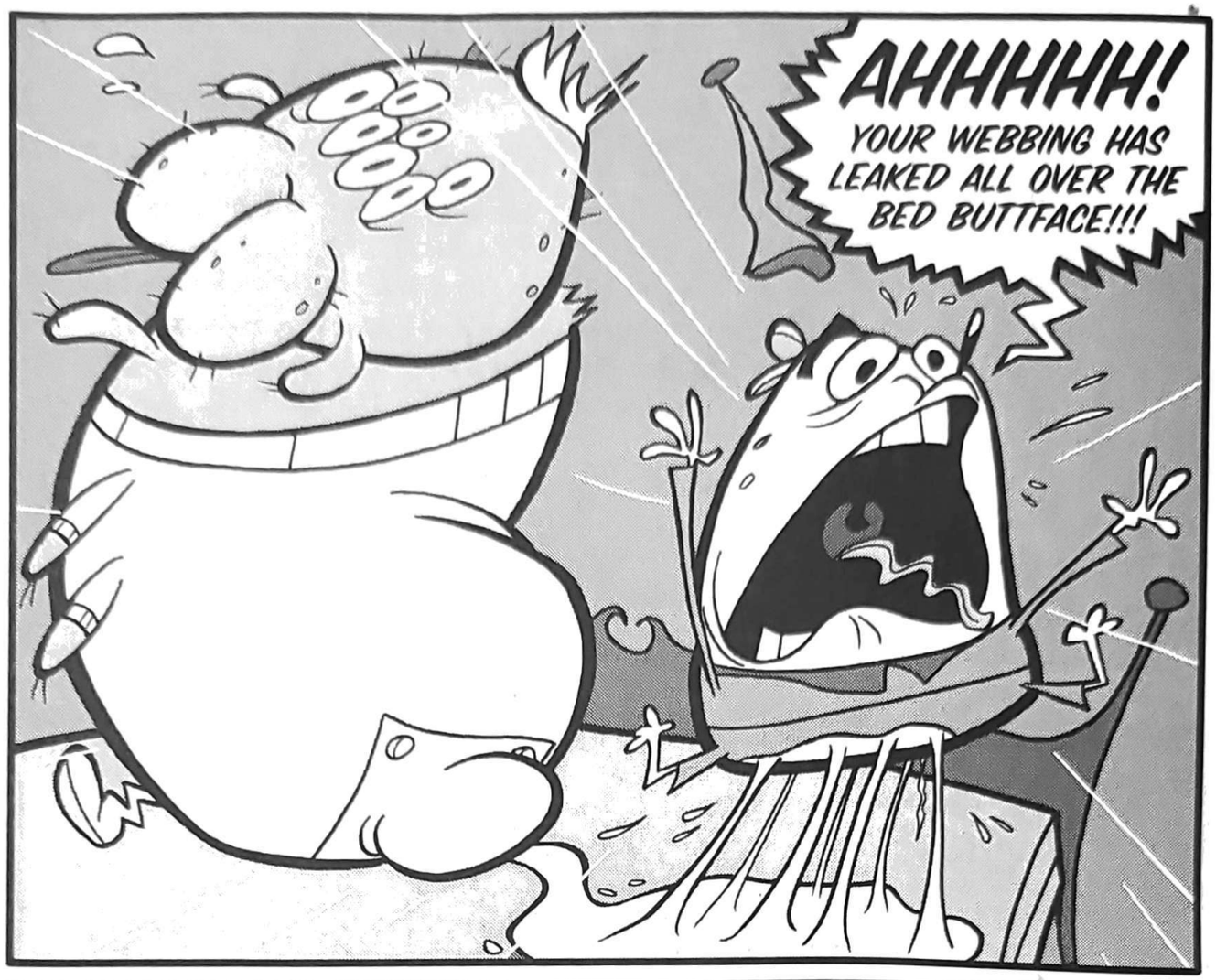

BEDTIME
FOR
BUTTFACE
OH BOY! ONE FULL QUIET NIGHT IS VERY WELCOMED AFTER SUCH A HARD DAY AT WORK!
RING
RING
RING
HELLO?

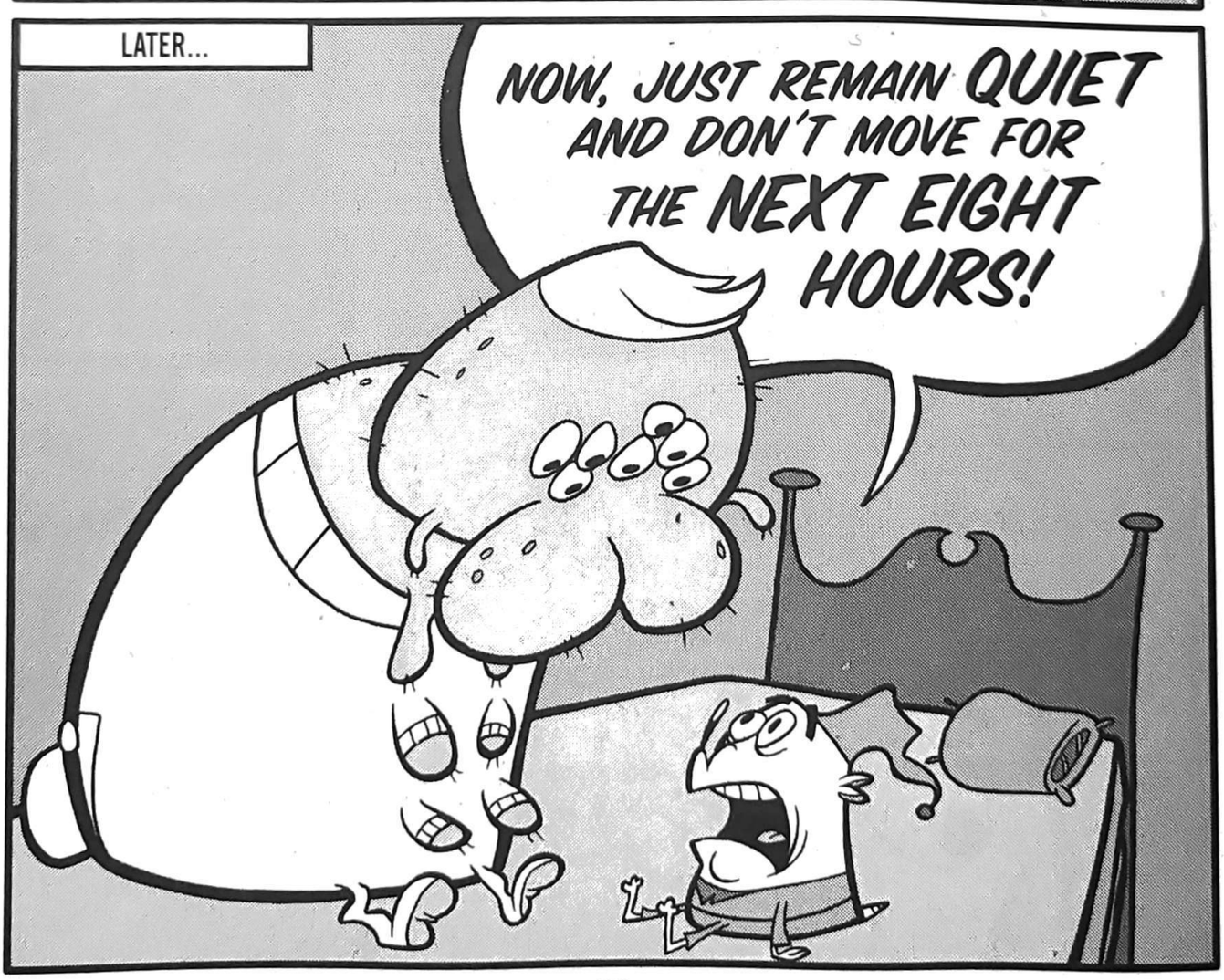

INFORMATION
OH NO! TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT I PROMISED LITTLE BUTTFACE HIS BIRTHDAY SLEEPOVER!
HELLO BUTTFACE


OK BUTTFACE, JUST TRY TO BE QUIET FOR YOUR FAVORITE FRIEND, BIG PANTS MOUSE, PLEASE? GOODNIGHT!
zZZZZZZZZ

BUTTFACE, PLEASE, I KNOW YOU LIKE TO PLAY, BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME. JUST ROLL OVER AND GO TO SLEEP.
I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING AN...


zzz

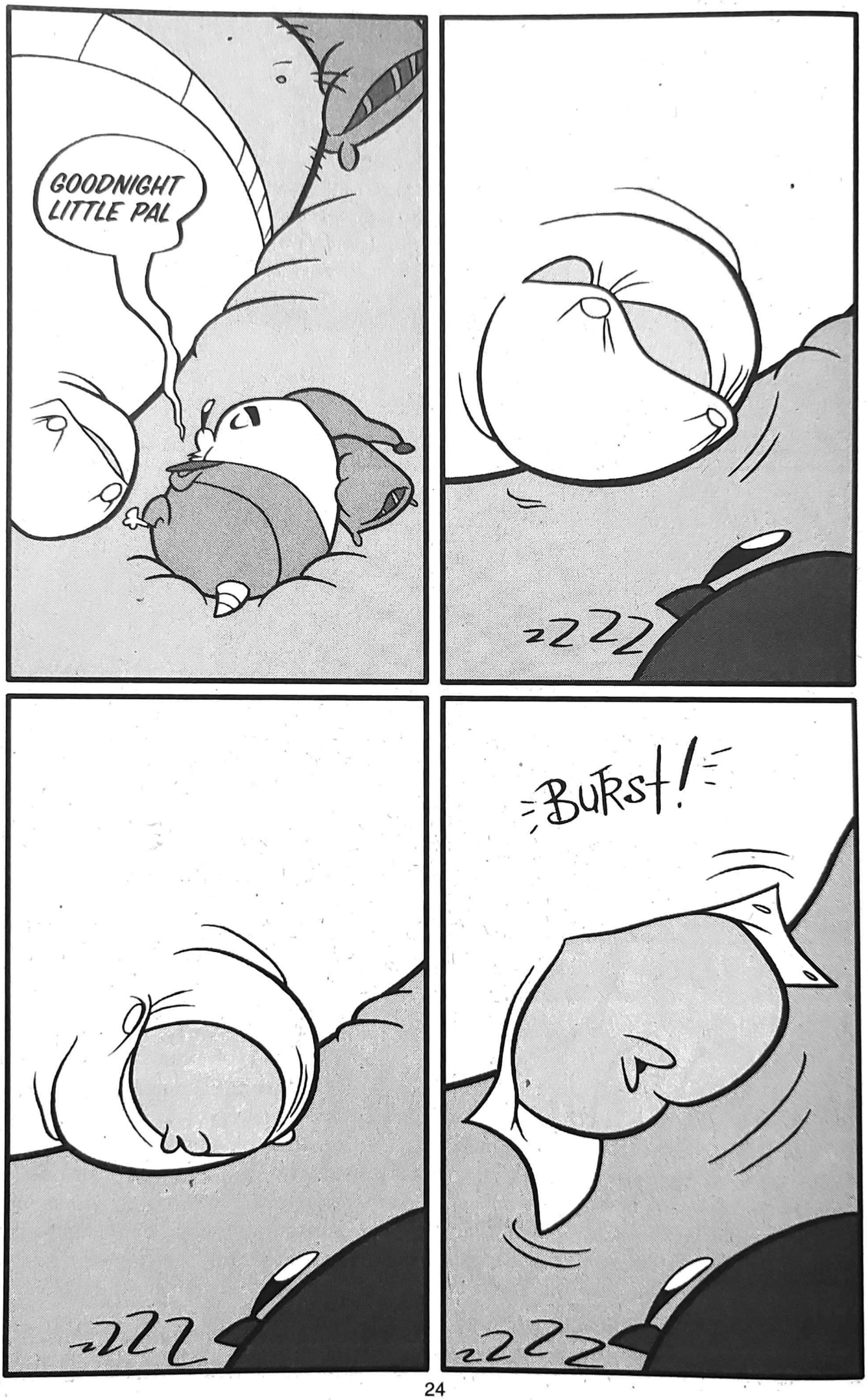

AHHHHH!
YOUR WEBBING HAS LEAKED ALL OVER THE BED BUTTFACE!!!

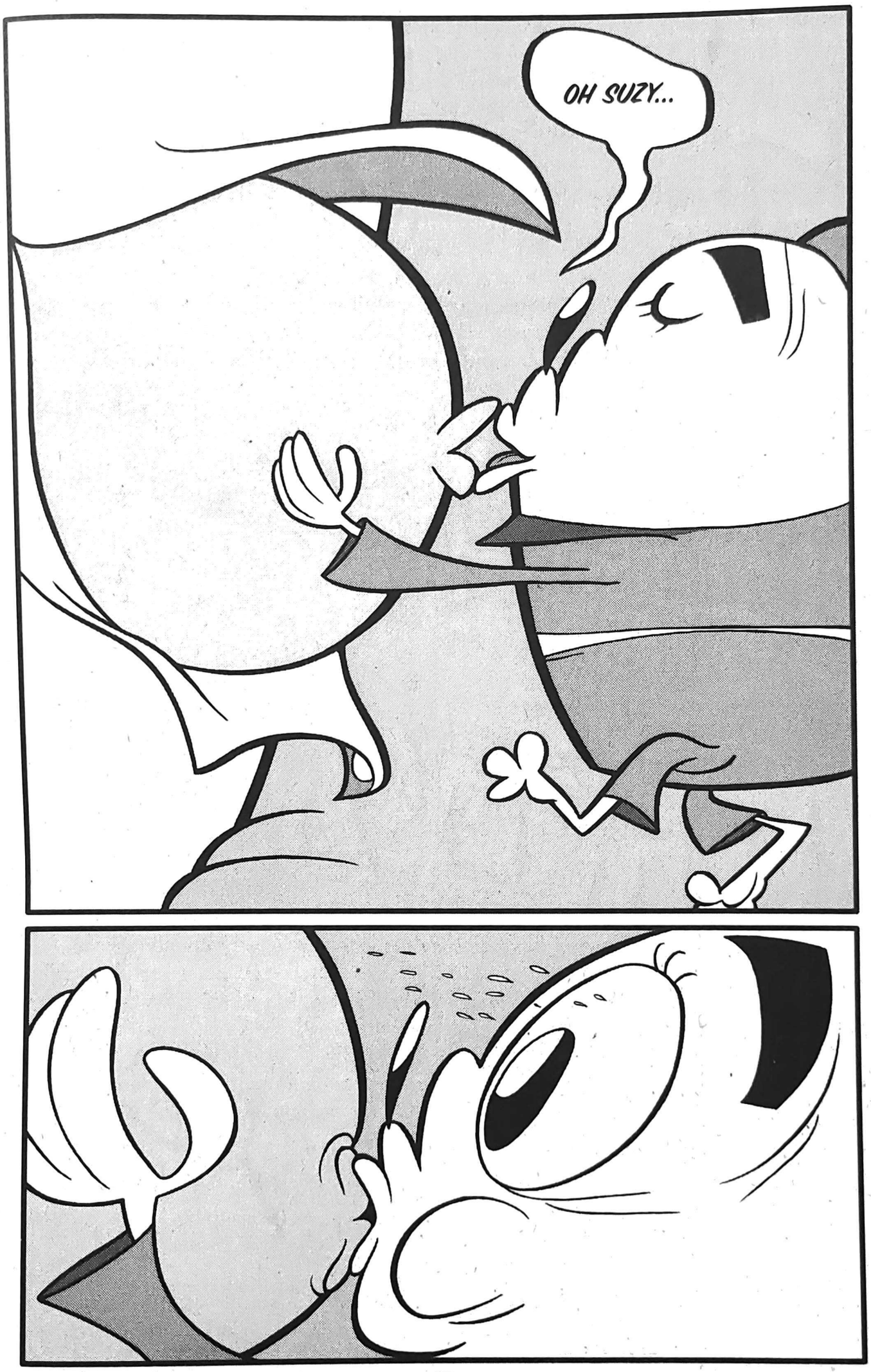

LATER...
NOW, JUST REMAIN QUIET AND DON'T MOVE FOR THE NEXT EIGHT HOURS!

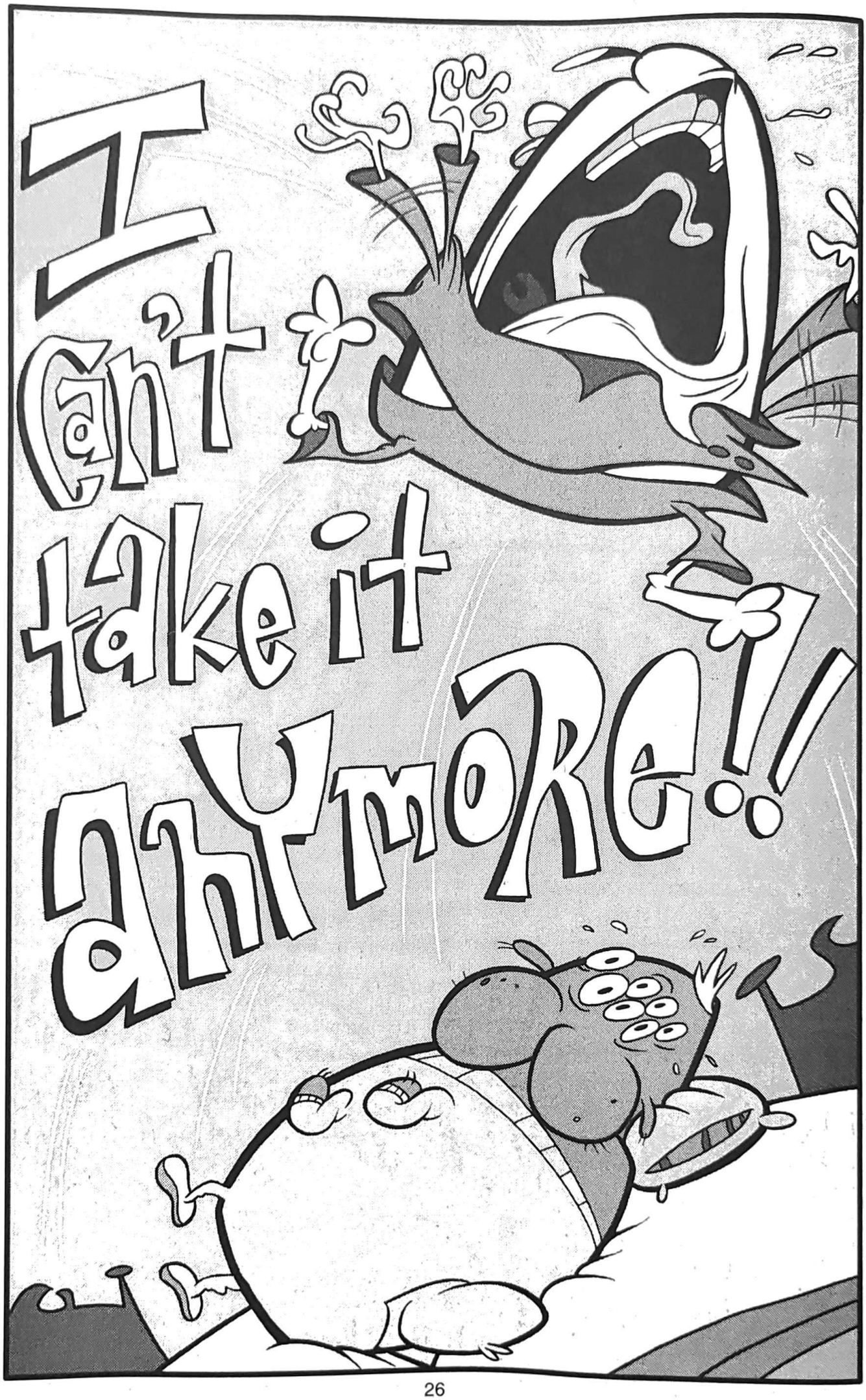
SO...
MUNCH
MUNCH
MUNCH
Toasty
FLIES

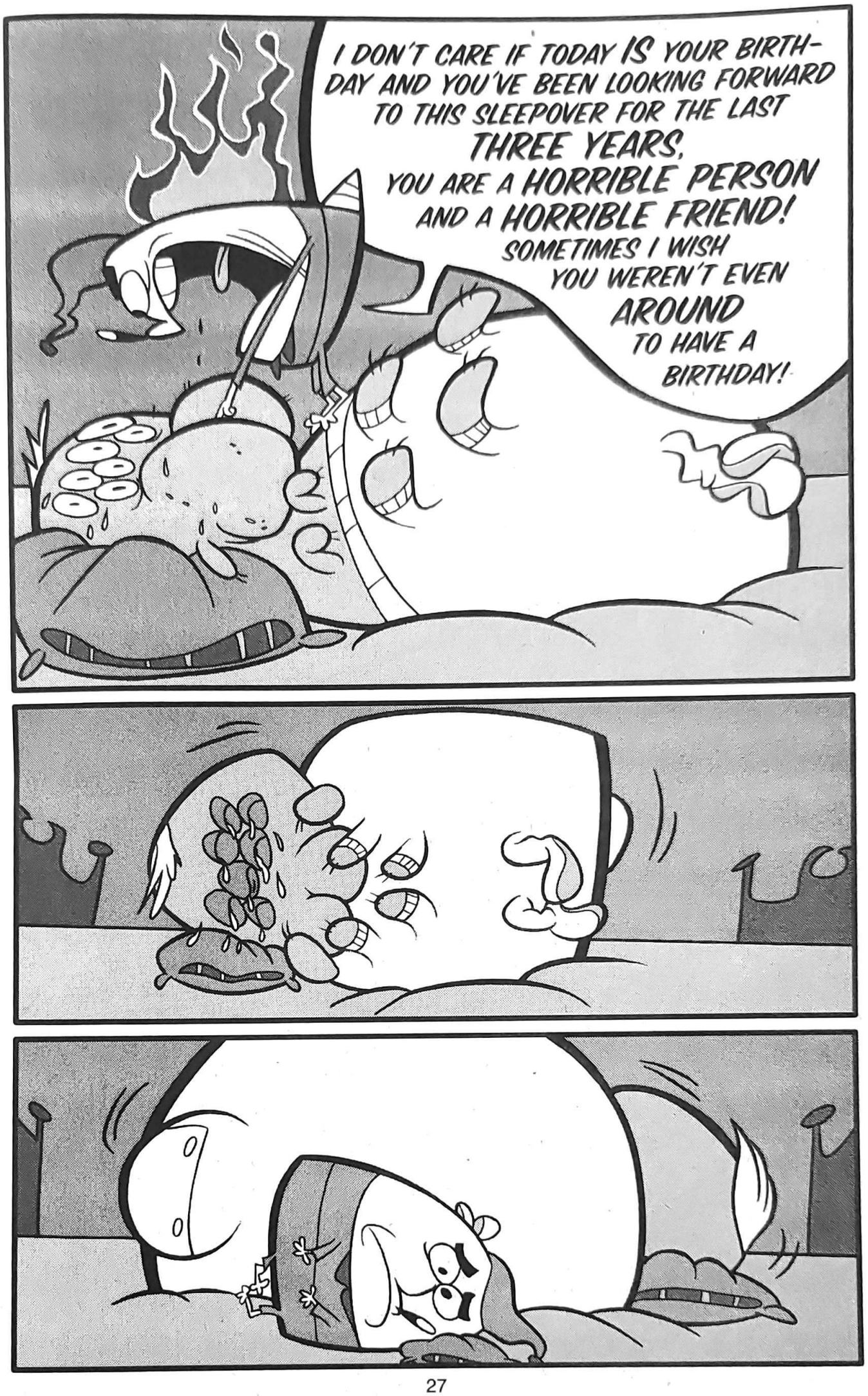
MY GAL SUZY!!
NO!
NO! NO!
NO!

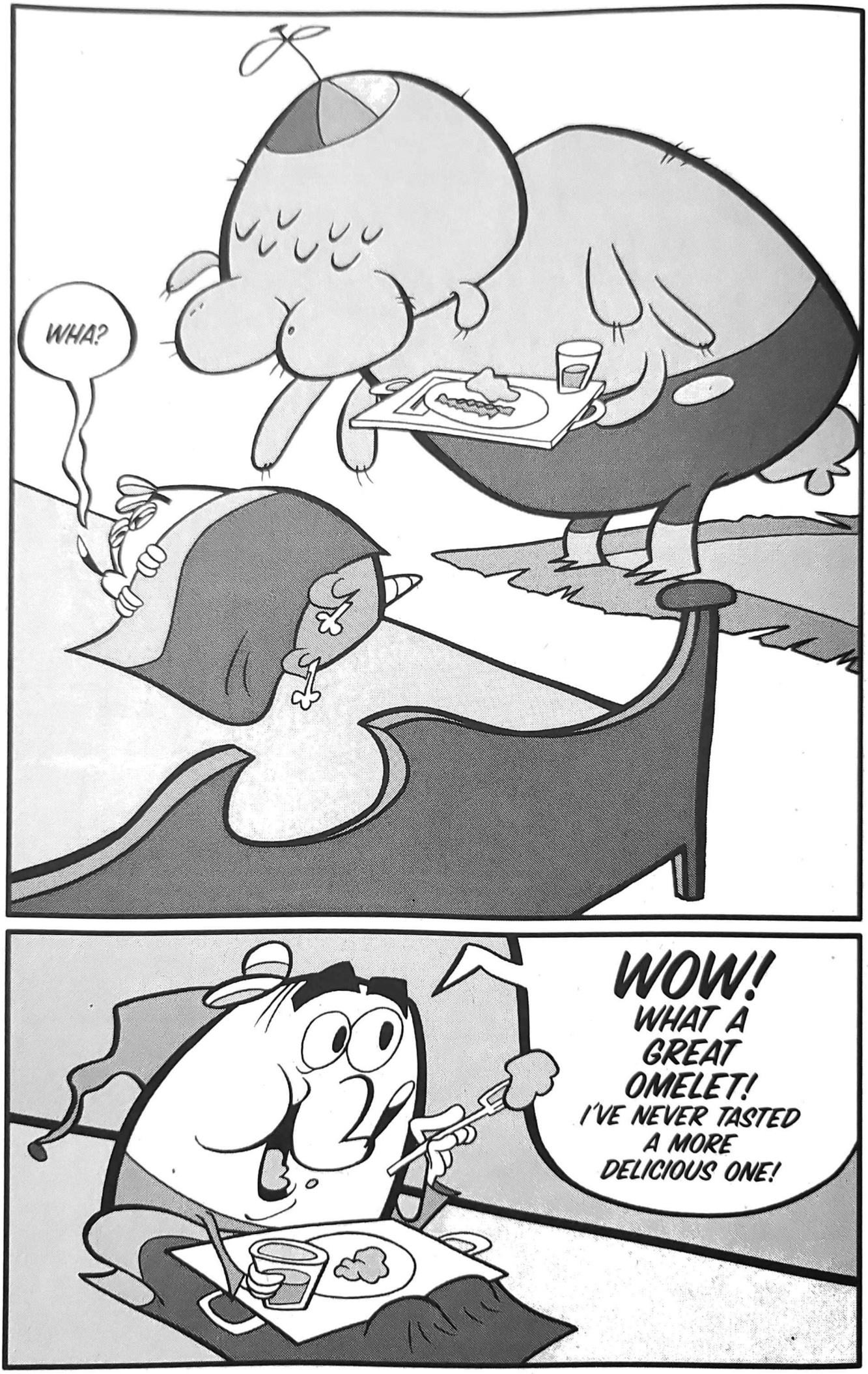
STAY OUT OF MY DREAMS!!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO YELL, JUST GO TO SLEEP
AND DON'T FORGET TO BUTTON UP YOUR WEB SACK


GOODNIGHT LITTLE PAL
zzz
BURST!
zzz
zzz

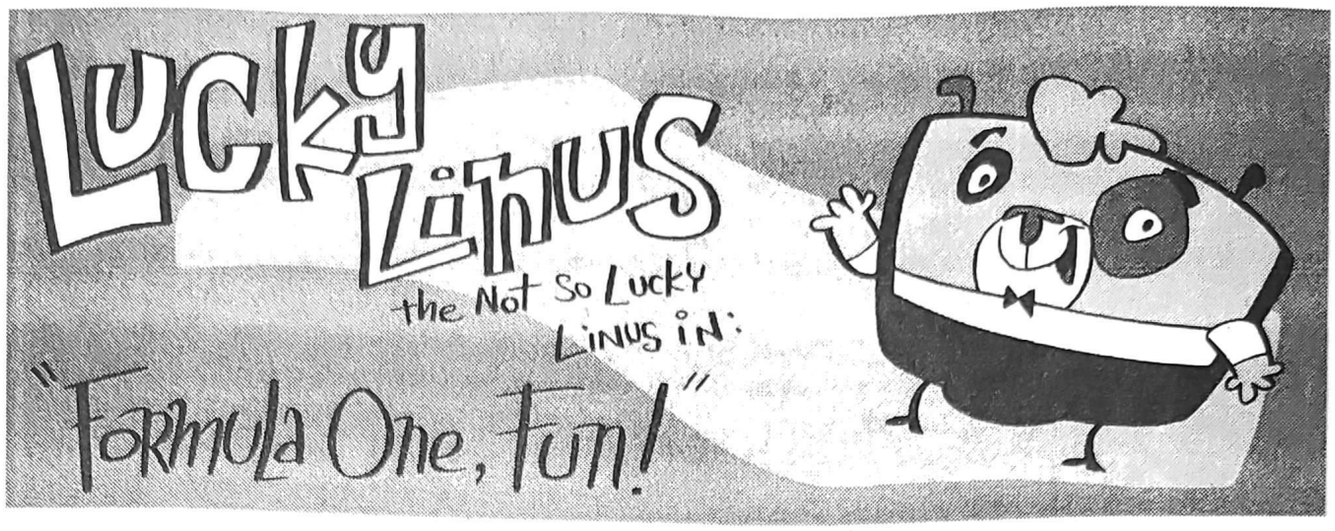

OH SUZY...

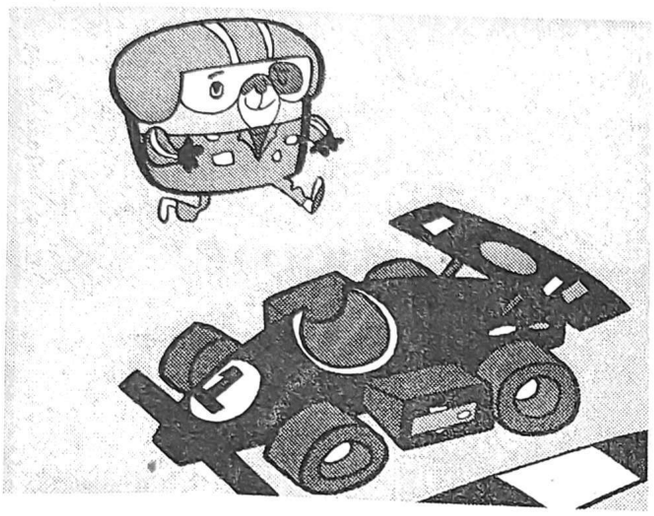

I
can't
take it
anymore!!

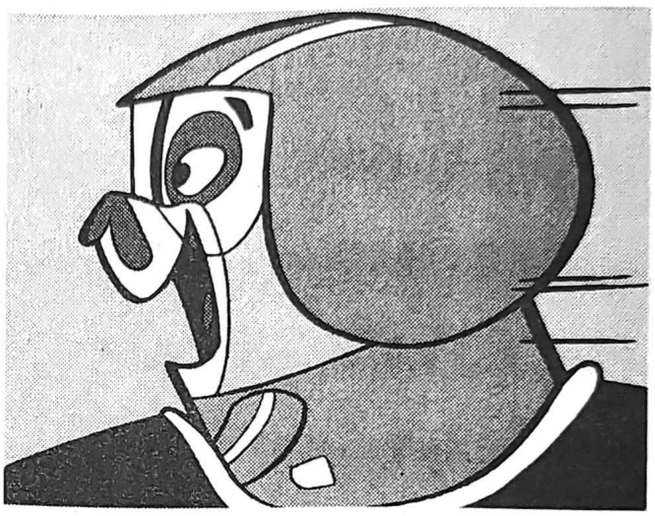

I DON'T CARE IF TODAY IS YOUR BIRTH-DAY AND YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS SLEEPOVER FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS.
YOU ARE A HORRIBLE PERSON AND A HORRIBLE FRIEND!
SOMETIMES I WISH YOU WEREN'T EVEN AROUND TO HAVE A BIRTHDAY!

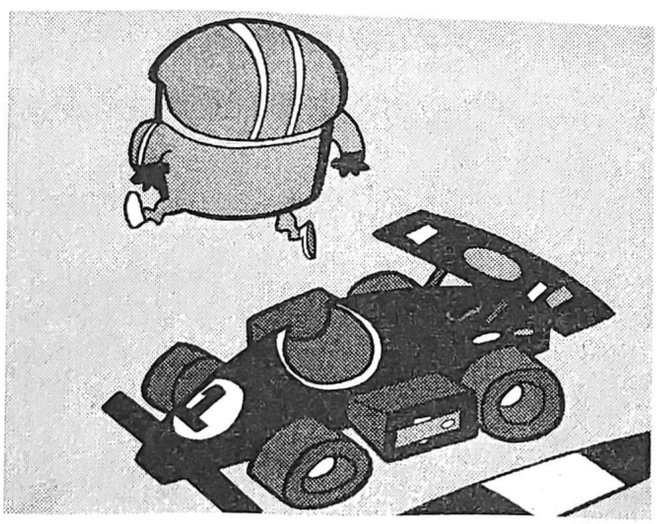

WHA?
WOW!
WHAT A GREAT OMELET!
I'VE NEVER TASTED A MORE DELICIOUS ONE!

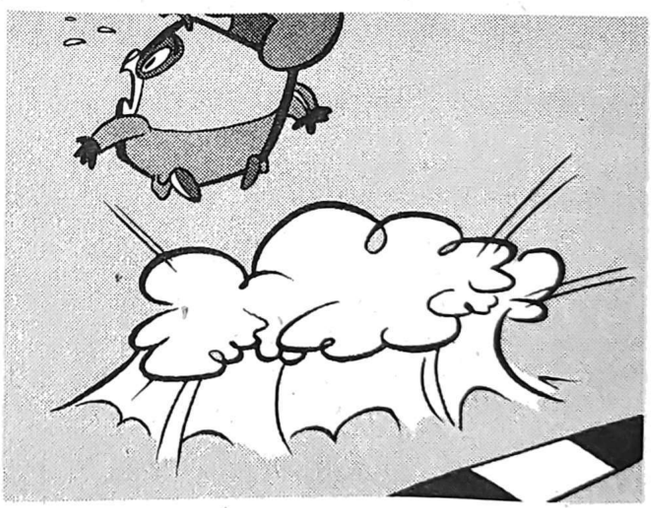
AHHH! THIS IS MADE FROM SPIDER EGGS AND WEBBING DISCHARGE! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO EAT AGAIN!
the end

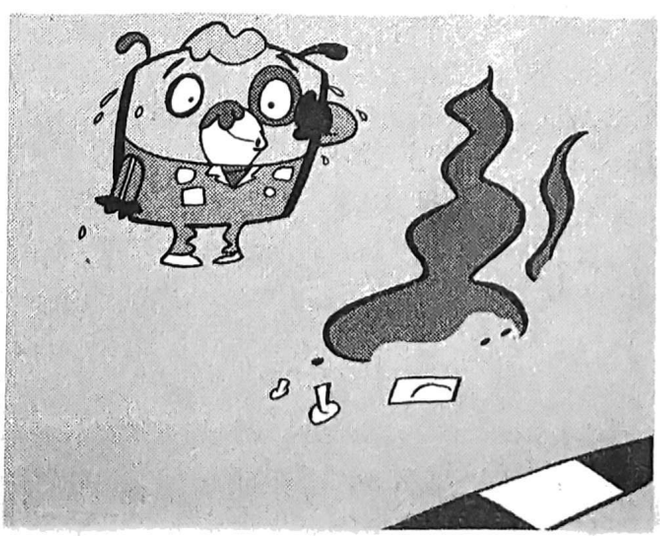

Lucky Linus
the Not So Lucky Linus in:
"Formula One, Fun!"

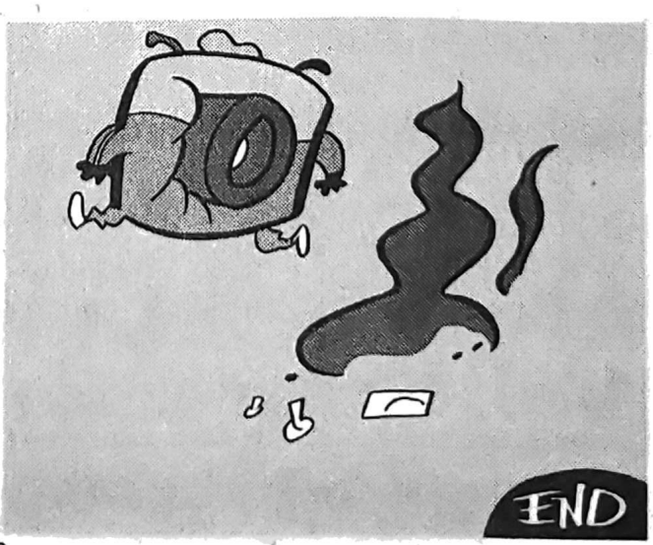











END

# A BIG PANTS MOUSE Text Adventure

"THE SECRET FRIEND"
by Ricky Garduno

So, you think it's all real cute in this little mouse world, don't you? And just because magic exists inside the lining of a rodent's crotch, everything is safe and sweet. But boy, are you wrong.

Dead wrong.

Because even as you read this, SHE sits up in that darkened bedroom... crying. Squeezing out thick greasy tears that just won't stop coming, no matter how hard she jams her ham-knuckled fingers into her slanted eyelids. Heaving, breathless sobs, so thick and endless she thinks each gasping clutch for air might be her last.

Because sometimes life HURTS. Sometimes, the world BREAKS YOUR DREAMS. And it is the most innocent and PURE OF HEART AND BEING that the world likes to crush.

Like the BigChuck.

Once upon a time, Barbara BigChuck did not know worry, or smartness, or grief. Just mindless Bliss. running through the prairie, chasing butterflies, scooping fistfuls of peanut butter with her mittened paws. Double rows of crooked teeth chomping, drooling joyfully. She was four times bigger than girls twice her age, but it never bothered her. She was ignorant of everything but nature, sunlight, and warmth.

The simple things. the clean things.

And then THE MOUSE came into her life. That Mr. Debonaire, ladie's man on-the-town, the most popular kid in school, captain of the lacrosse team. The kid with all the answers "in his pants", if you know what i mean. Those big, hard, bulging pants... A manly sack so full of mystery and sensuous wonder.

And she swooned. Let me tell you, did he do a number on that poor, defenseless girl.

After school, in the shadows, away from "the boys", they stumbled into each other. The Mouse was fascinated. He checked over both his shoulders to make sure no one was looking, and then followed her home. Her parents were very pleased, finally proud of their daughter for bringing such a handsome young Mouse. Barbara's mother baked cookies in the shape of candy canes. The Mouse ate six of them.

Six.

Barbara and the Mouse spent the whole afternoon together. He tried teaching her how to bounce a dodgeball. She slammed it so hard it demolished the pavement. The Mouse laughed gently, a feeling of tenderness blooming inside his chest for this odd, clumsy creature.

The sun began to set. He should have gone home hours ago. Yet he was still in her bedroom, watching her set up an old record player with severely scratched, warped 45's. Warbling recordings of children's bible songs began to play, as Barbara sang along. She didn't know any of the words, she sang off-key, and, in fact, she was probably singing a completely different song from another album in another language.

But the Mouse sat and listened anyway. Enthralled.

A tingling grew over the back of his neck that felt like it was shrinking his scalp. Blood rushed into his snout. His whiskers stood on end, twitching.

In this moment, he realized:

He had never known such an unselfish, happy person.

And she felt it too...

Her mind was frail, underdeveloped, even stunted. But this she understood with complete awareness:

Finally, after an endless lonely eternity... she had a Friend.

A real Friend.

BUT

back at school...

Everyone was staring. The Mouse kept his distance.

Once again, she was just "The special girl from the special class in the special trailer behind the cafeteria". "The kid with the styrofoam helmet." She wasn't in the "Gold" and "Silver" reading group like you or me. She was in the "Brown" group that meets in the basement.

As an awful embarrassing terror overcame him, he nervously tried to explain to her in the broom closet:

"When you really love something, it's best to HIDE it away so no one can steal it! So you see, being the Secret Friend REALLY means you are the LUCKY Friend"

And then, he lost his patience, in the middle of the big assembly.

Get away from me, Fatty McGimpy.

That's what he screamed at her, in front of everyone.

Now, she weeps in her room. But she does not realize that at this very moment, three blocks away, THE MOUSE does the same, muffling his sobs into his big-pants-pillow. Betrayed by the knowledge that some people are not meant to be together. Certain creatures have radical ways and ideals that should be kept from corrupting decent, normal folks.

But it's okay. Barbara has figured it all out, and for the first time in her life, she has a plan. You see, she's followed his advise. She's begun to dig holes in the back yard where she can hide and bury all the things she loves: her records, her dodgeball, her mittens, and her jar of peanut butter...

and lastly, a mouse-shaped hole waiting to be filled with the corpse of a certain mouse-shaped Mouse.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Why is it so hard to make friends?

2. Why does every miserable waking moment in this life HURT SO MUCH?

3. Good lord, how can i put a quick painless end to it all?

And remember: if you are the kind of person who reads a text page in a comic book... most likely YOU are somebody's Secret Friend.

Edited, written and drawn by Gabe Swarr.
Additional Inks: p 15-22 by Ray Morelli, p 14, 23-30 by Fred Osmond
Additional lettering and mechanicals by Keith J. Rainville

VISIT A NEW LAND IN THE MAGICAL NEW WORLD CALLED THE "INTERNET"!!

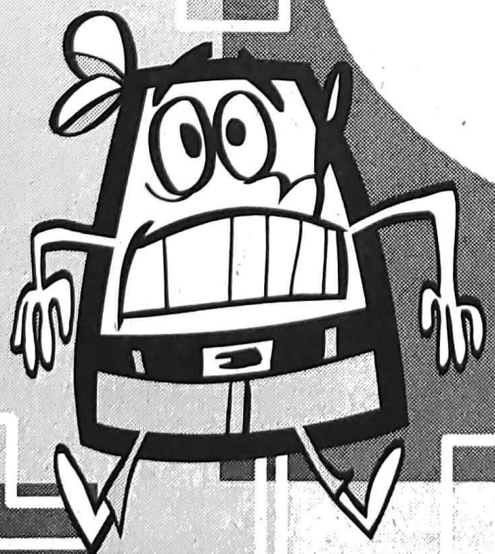
FUN!

GAMES!

PRIZES!

ART!

BIG PANTS MOUSE .COM



BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Dumb Comics

YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU BABE
YES, BUT HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE ME?
AS MUCH AS YOU LOVE ME.
IS THAT ALL?!!
END!